MARVEL
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LGY#202
MacKAY
CAPPUCCIO
ROSENBERG
MOON KNIGHT
McNIVEN
fgd

HEFF
HEFF
W-WHY?

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?

BECAUSE I WANT TO, SPORT. FOR THE HELL OF IT.
BECAUSE I WANT TO, SPORT. FOR THE HELL OF IT.
BECAUSE I WANT TO, SPORT. FOR THE HELL OF IT.
BECAUSE I WANT TO, SPORT. FOR THE HELL OF IT.
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Mercenary **Marc Spector** died and was reborn in the shadow of **Khonshu**, the Egyptian god of the moon. Spector became **Moon Knight**, the Fist of Khonshu, to fight evil. Through his Midnight Mission, he is the defender of all those who travel at night.

# MOON KNIGHT

## "STRINGS"

With Khonshu imprisoned, Marc Spector has struck out on his own, establishing the Midnight Mission to offer aid to his neighbors while continuing to combat evil as Moon Knight. He's also undergoing therapy with Dr. Andrea Sterman and has gained an assistant, Reese, a newly turned vampire. Dr. Badr, a disciple still loyal to Khonshu, recently came to Moon Knight's aid in battle--but he also chastised Moon Knight for his lack of faith and vowed to "correct" him.

And someone is watching it all from the shadows…


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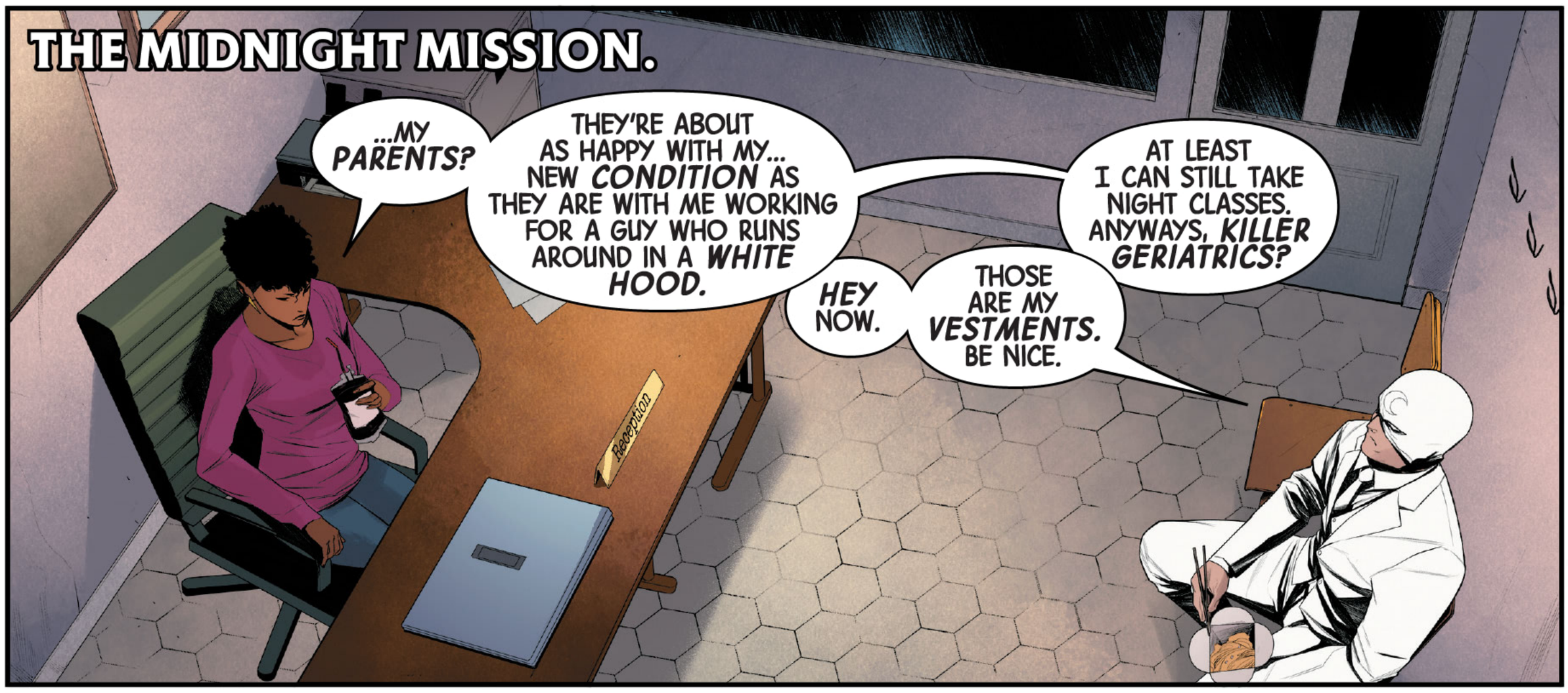
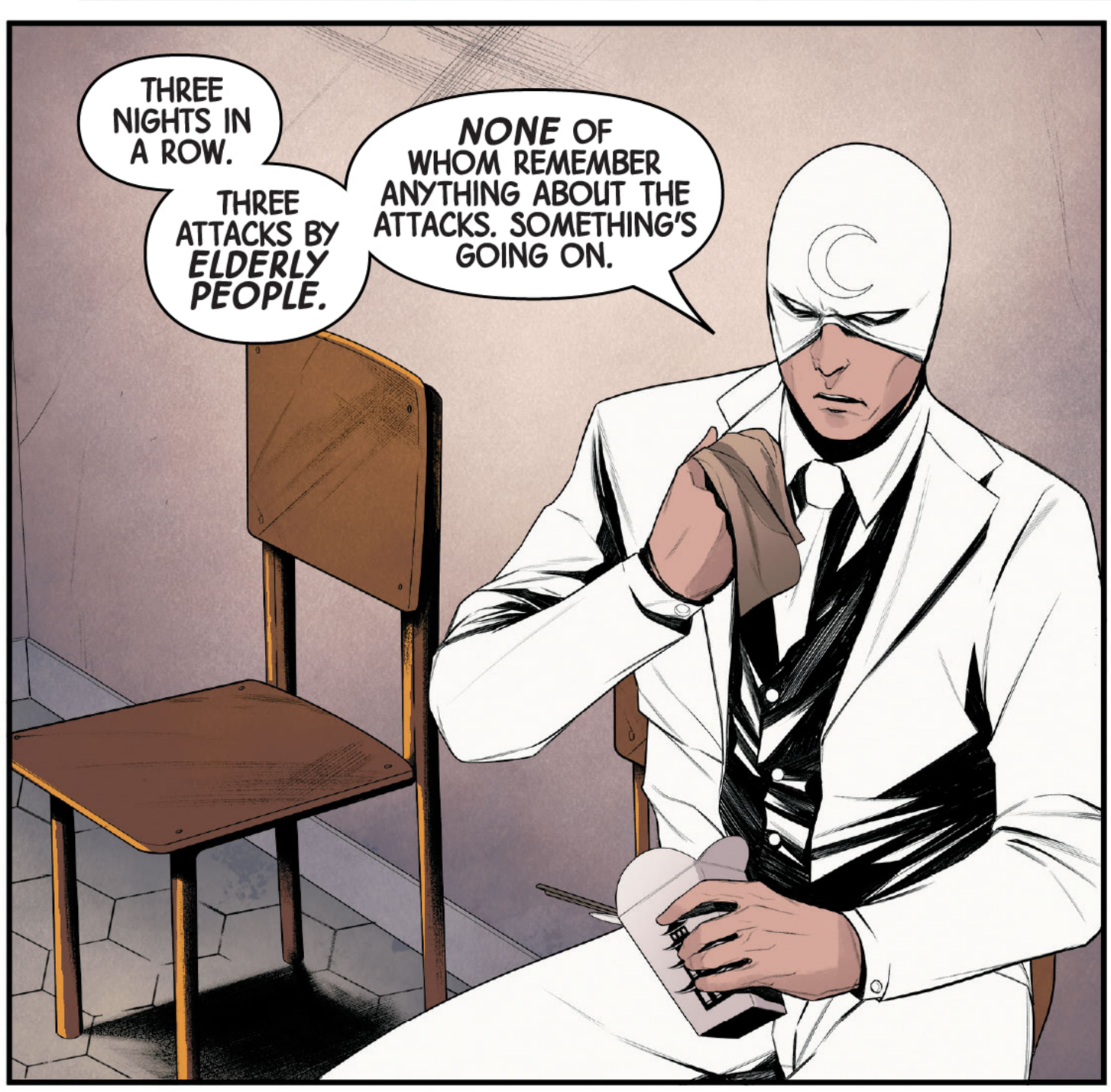
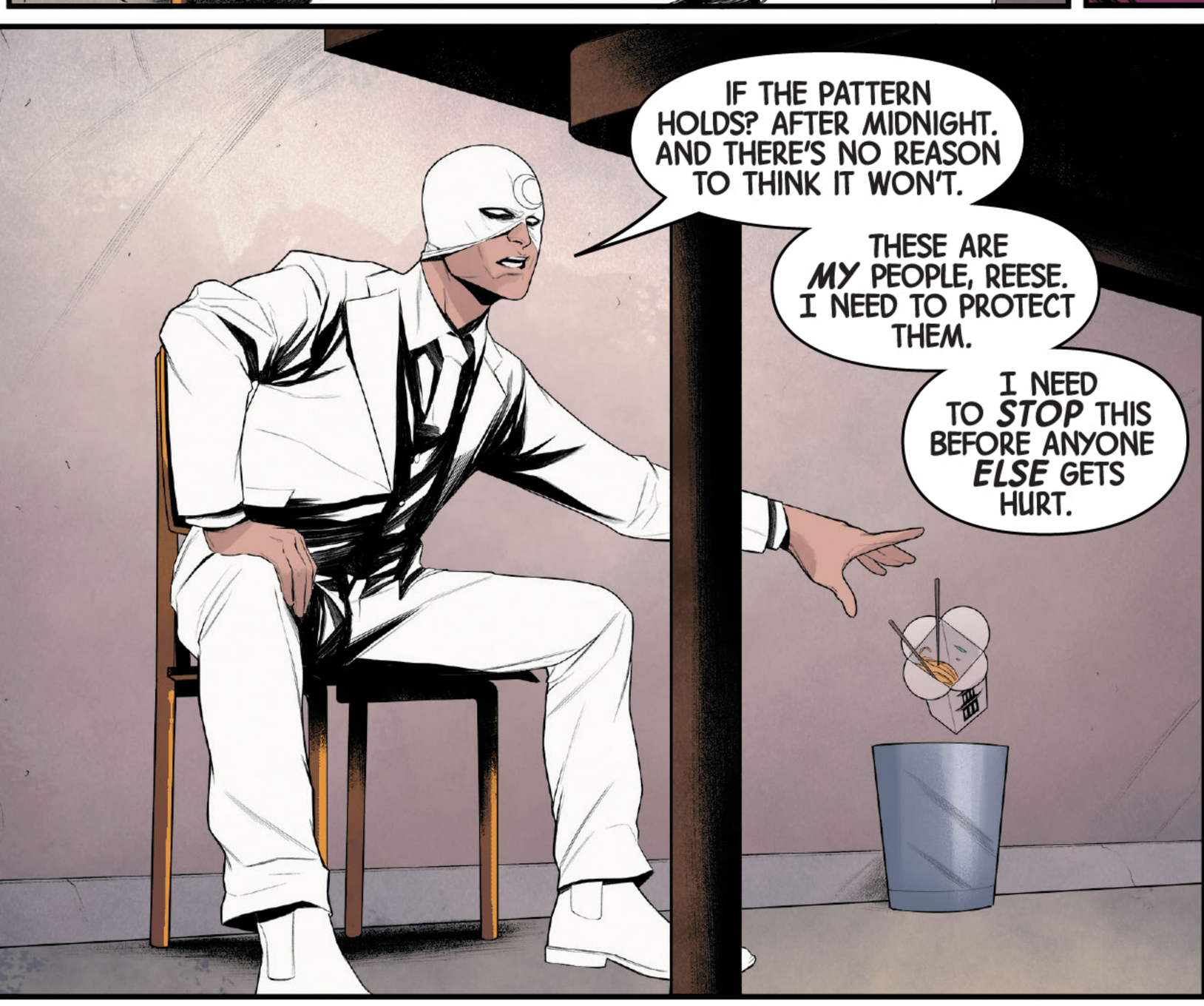

THE MIDNIGHT MISSION.
...MY PARENTS?
THEY'RE ABOUT AS HAPPY WITH MY... NEW CONDITION AS THEY ARE WITH ME WORKING FOR A GUY WHO RUNS AROUND IN A WHITE HOOD.
HEY NOW.
THOSE ARE MY VESTMENTS. BE NICE.
AT LEAST I CAN STILL TAKE NIGHT CLASSES. ANYWAYS, KILLER GERIATRICS?
Reception


THREE NIGHTS IN A ROW.
THREE ATTACKS BY ELDERLY PEOPLE.
NONE OF WHOM REMEMBER ANYTHING ABOUT THE ATTACKS. SOMETHING'S GOING ON.

UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE YEAR.
YOU THINK THERE'LL BE ANOTHER ATTACK TONIGHT?


IF THE PATTERN HOLDS? AFTER MIDNIGHT. AND THERE'S NO REASON TO THINK IT WON'T.
THESE ARE MY PEOPLE, REESE. I NEED TO PROTECT THEM.
I NEED TO STOP THIS BEFORE ANYONE ELSE GETS HURT.

WELL, BOSS...

...I GUESS THERE'S ALWAYS *TOMORROW* NIGHT.
YOU'RE THE *FREAKY* GUY--?
*HAKK*
I NEED... HELP...
*HMMM.*
REESE, THE FIRST AID KIT, PLEASE.
I *KNOW* THIS GUY. LIVES IN THE TENEMENT A BLOCK OVER WITH HIS MOM. THEY CALL HIM *SOLDIER.*

IS THAT RIGHT?
I GUESS. GOOD A NAME AS ANY.
SIT HERE.
I'M MR. KNIGHT. WELCOME TO THE MIDNIGHT MISSION.
TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION: YES, I AM THE FREAKY GUY.
WAS IT AN ELDERLY PERSON? WITH A KNIFE OR A HAMMER?
WHOLE CREW OF THEM.
WORKED ME OVER PRETTY GOOD.
I'M SORRY.
THIS IS MY FAULT.
HOW DO YOU FIGURE?
I HAVE A DUTY, AND I WASN'T THERE.
I DIDN'T ANTICIPATE THE PATTERN CHANGING.
DAMN, SOLDIER.
HOW'D A BUNCH OF OLDSTERS BANG YOU UP THIS BADLY?
"HER"?
DIDN'T FIGHT BACK. DIDN'T WANT TO HURT HER.
ONE OF THEM WAS MY MOM.

YOUR MOTHER WAS... ONE OF THE ATTACKERS?

...

I'M NOT WITH THE POLICE. AND I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOUR MOTHER.

BUT I *AM* GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS. AND I NEED TO KNOW WHAT YOU KNOW.

THEY'RE *ALL* FROM MY BUILDING.

THE ONES FROM THE OTHER NIGHTS.

THE ONES FROM TONIGHT.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING.

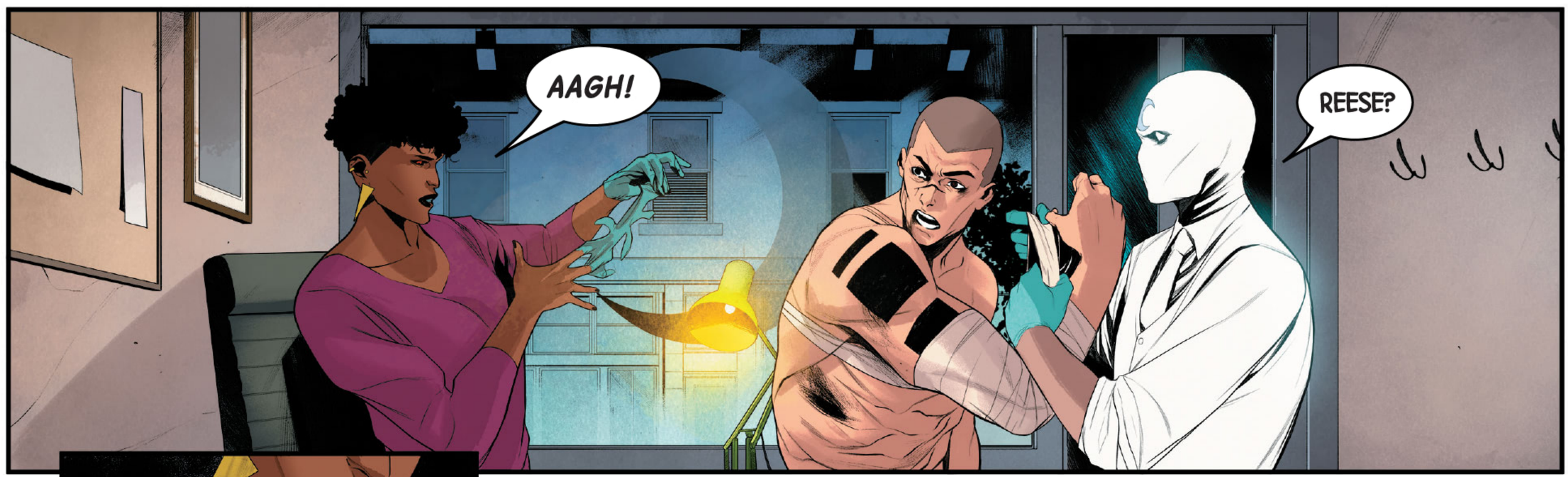
*HMMM.*

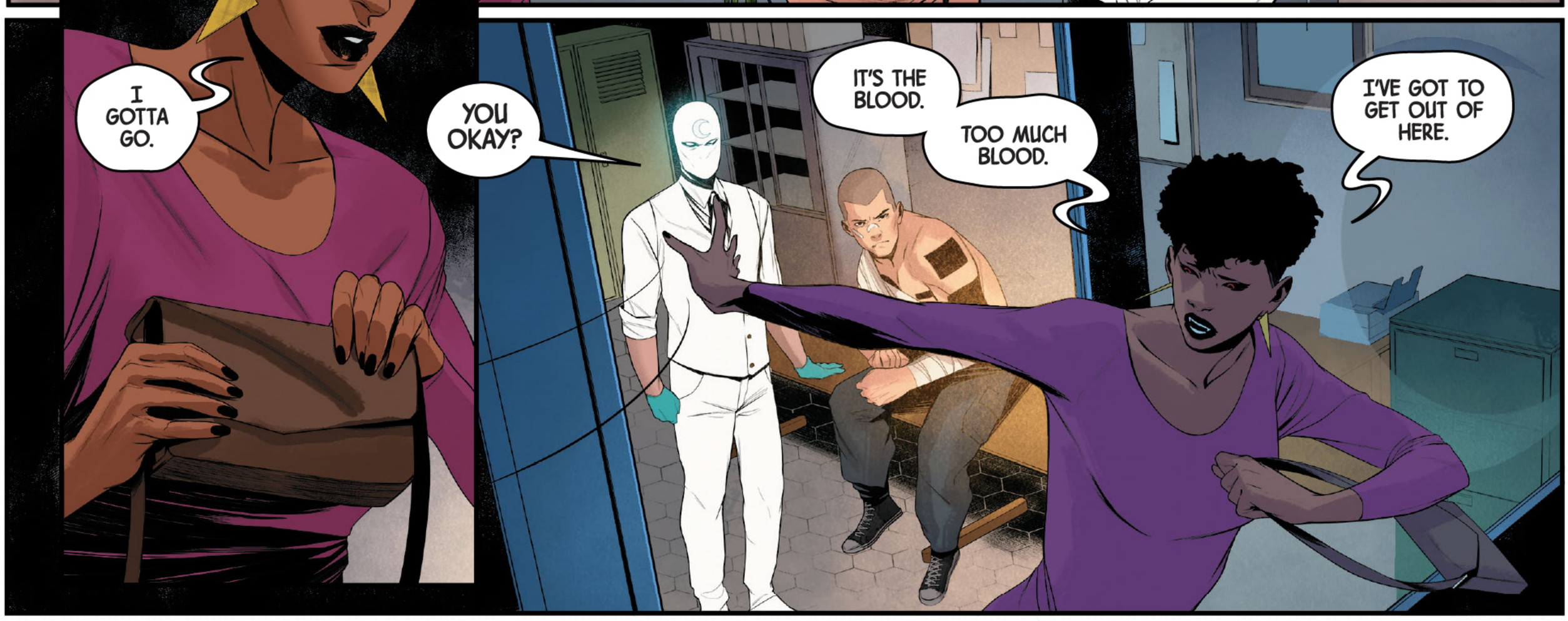
HERE, TAKE THESE PILLS. FOR THE PAIN.

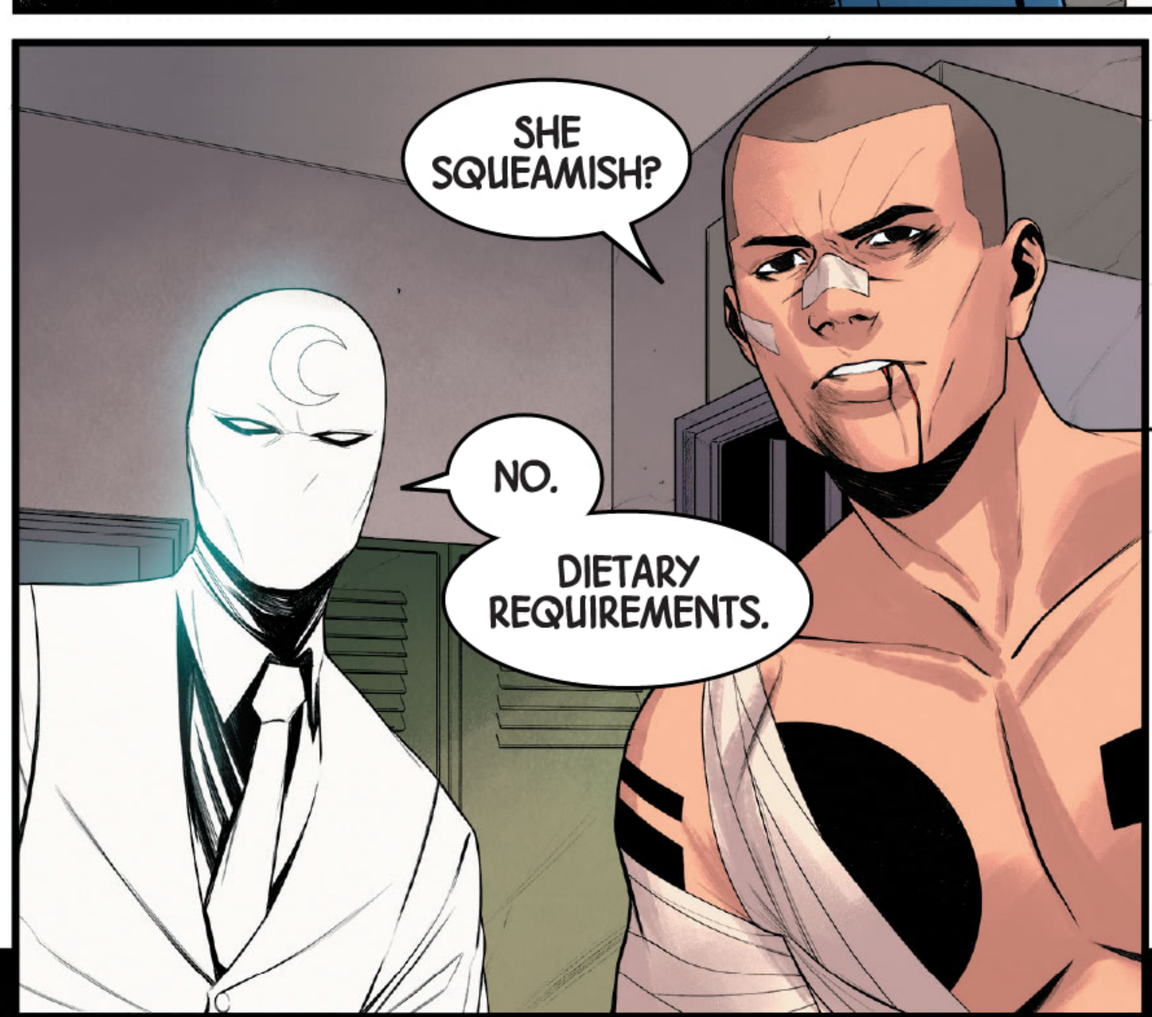
DON'T NEED 'EM. DON'T TAKE PILLS.

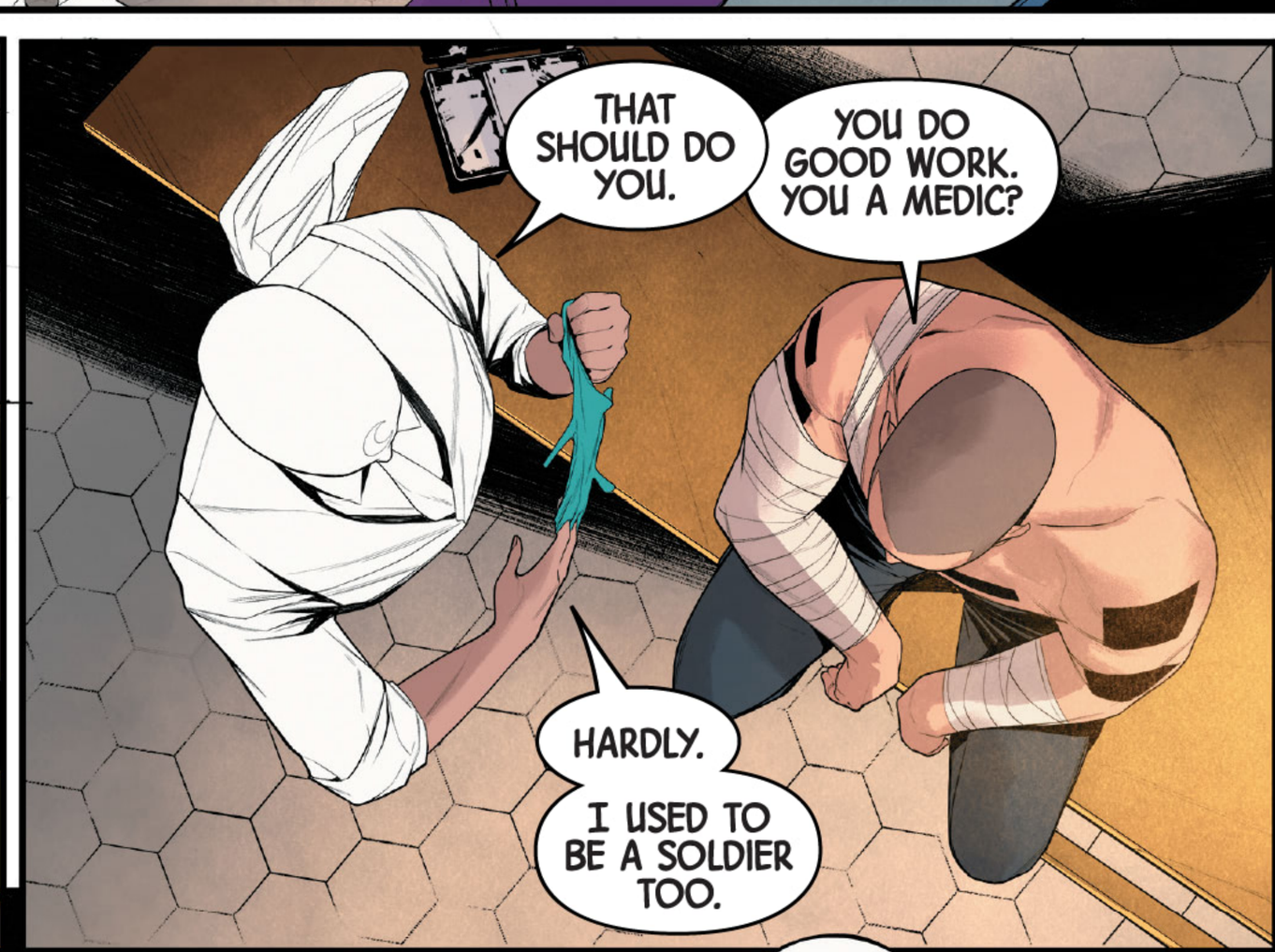
...

SUIT YOURSELF, TOUGH GUY.


AAGH!
REESE?


I GOTTA GO.
YOU OKAY?
IT'S THE BLOOD.
TOO MUCH BLOOD.
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE.


SHE SQUEAMISH?
NO.
DIETARY REQUIREMENTS.

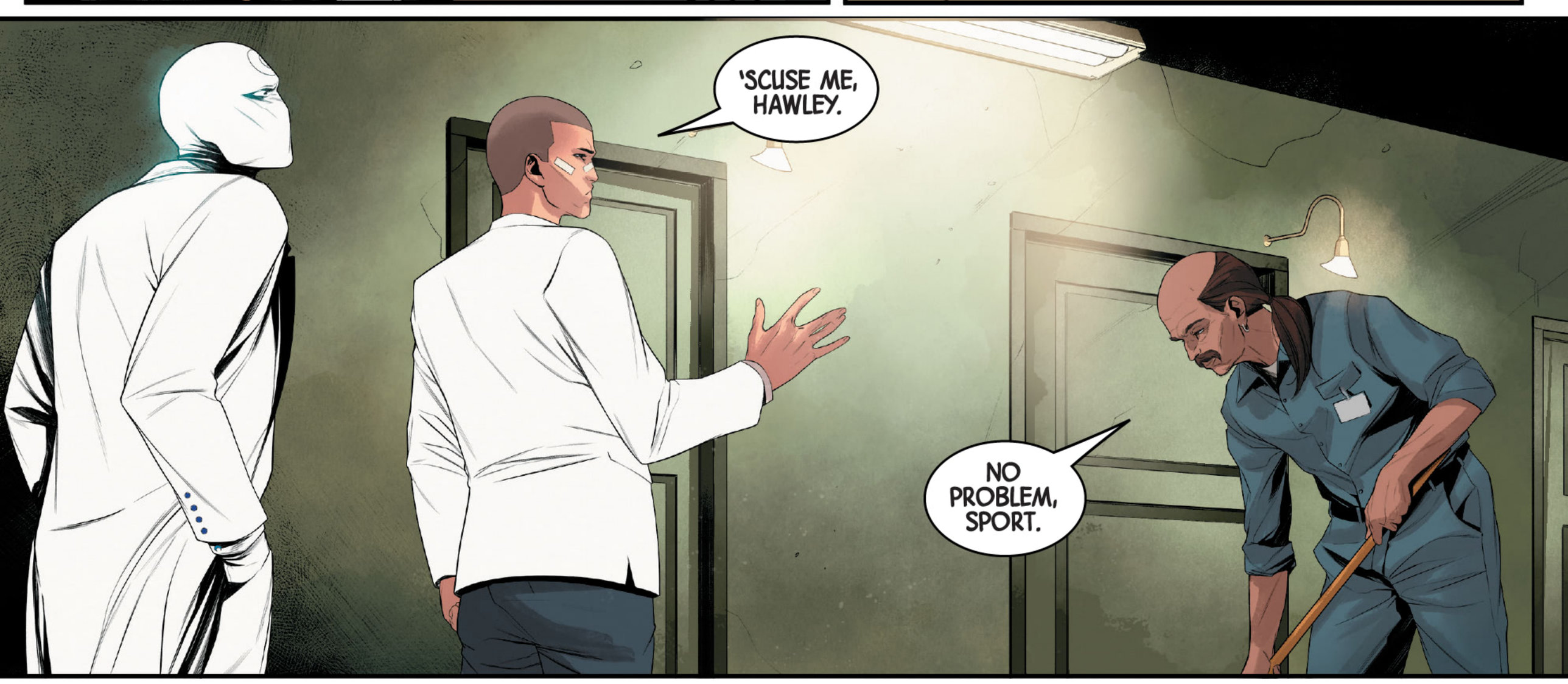

THAT SHOULD DO YOU.
YOU DO GOOD WORK. YOU A MEDIC?
HARDLY.
I USED TO BE A SOLDIER TOO.

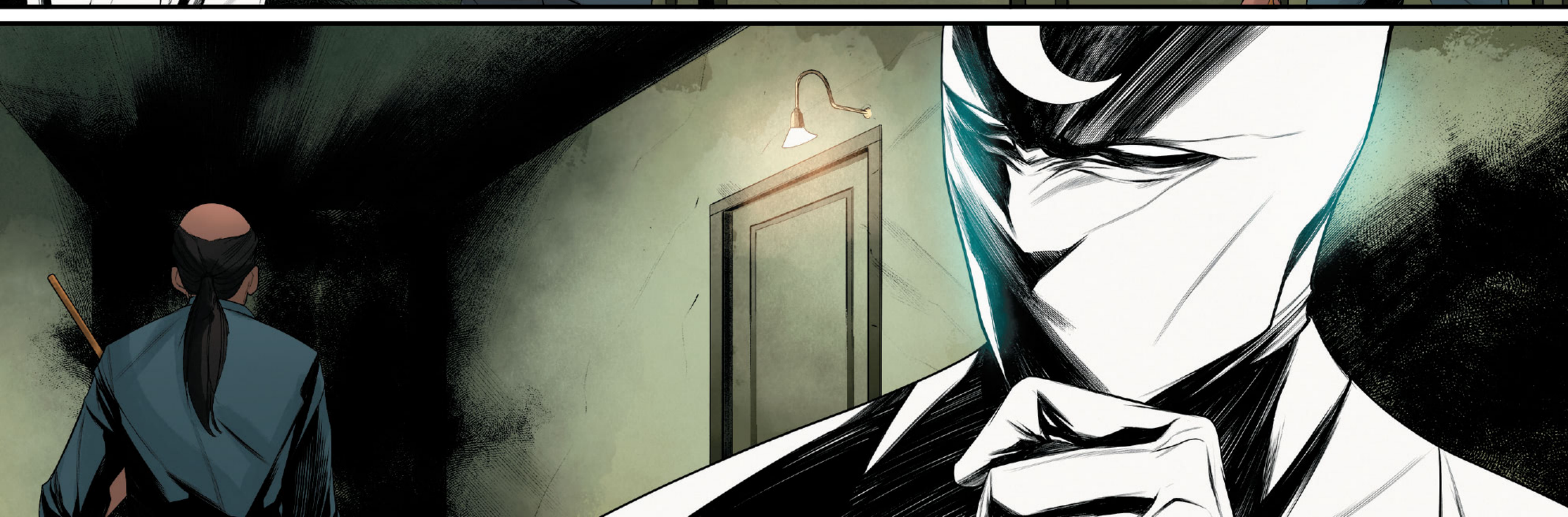
SO WHAT ARE YOU *NOW?*
NOW? WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE?
NOW I'M A *PRIEST.*

"BECAUSE I WANT TO, SPORT. FOR THE HELL OF IT."
THAT'S WHAT THEY SAID. ALL AT ONCE.
ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO COME WITH ME?
WHATEVER'S GOING ON, MY MOM'S INVOLVED.
YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT I'M GOING TO COME WITH YOU.

I'LL WANT TO SPEAK WITH YOUR MOTHER FIRST.
IF SHE'S... HOME.
FINE. I NEED TO GET MY GUN ANYWAYS.

SORRY. ELEVATOR'S OUT.
DON'T WORRY ON MY ACCOUNT.


'SCUSE ME, HAWLEY.
NO PROBLEM, SPORT.



MOM?
YOU HOME?

I DON'T WANT TO TALK TO YOUR MOTHER ANYMORE.
WE NEED TO GO.
GOTTA GET MY GUN.
HURRY.

HMM.

YOU'RE QUICK.

THANKS.
BUT WE BOTH KNOW YOU *WANTED* ME TO KNOW IT WAS YOU.
"SPORT."
HOW?

IT'S MY SWEAT.
A PERSON GETS A TASTE OF IT, AND IT'S LIKE ALL OF A SUDDEN WE'RE CONNECTED. I CAN SEE THROUGH THEIR EYES, MAKE THEM DO WHAT I WANT, HAVE 'EM DANCE TO WHATEVER TUNE I SEE FIT.
LIKE RUNNING A TELEPHONE WIRE FROM MY BRAIN TO THEIRS.
TOUGH TO DOSE EVERYONE THOUGH.
BUT AS A JANITOR, YOU'D HAVE ACCESS.
YOU'VE BEEN DOPING THE BUILDING'S WATER SUPPLY.
DAMN, BOY. GOT IT IN ONE.
HE SAID YOU WERE QUICK ON THE UPTAKE, BUT I HAD TO SEE IT MYSELF.
THAT'S WHY YOU'RE CONTROLLING THE OLD FOLKS.
THE SWEAT'S DILUTED IN THE WATER. THE OLD, THE INFIRM...THEY WERE MORE SUSCEPTIBLE TO IT. DIDN'T NEED TO BUILD UP IN THEIR SYSTEMS.
WHO'S "HE"? WHO ARE YOU WORKING FOR?
FELLA WHO'S INTERESTED IN YOU, SPORT. BROUGHT ME IN TO HELP HIM HURT YOU. BREAK YOU, IS HOW HE PUT IT.
YOU SEE, I LIKE TO USE MY POWER. LIKE TO RAISE A LITTLE HELL.
BUT I AIN'T GOT MUCH OF AN IMAGINATION. IT'S A SIN. IT'S WHY I LIKE TO WORK FOR FOLKS WHO DO-- GIVES ME LOTS OF NEW EXPERIENCES.
AND THIS FELLA, HE'S GOT ONE HELL OF AN IMAGINATION. LET ME TELL YOU HOW THIS IS GOING TO GO--

I'M GONNA SIC ALL THESE OLD, FRAGILE FOLKS ON YOU.
FOLKS THAT, I'VE BEEN ASKED TO REMIND YOU, ARE UNDER YOUR PROTECTION.
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO FIGHT YOUR WAY OUT OF HERE, MOON KNIGHT.
HOW MANY OF THESE OLD-TIMERS ARE YOU GOING TO KILL OR CRIPPLE ON YOUR WAY OUT?
SATISFY MY CURIOSITY.
WHAT'S STOPPING ME FROM SEEING HOW MANY TIMES I CAN TWIST YOUR HEAD AROUND ON THAT SKINNY NECK BEFORE IT COMES OFF LIKE A TOMATO ON THE VINE?
WELL, THAT WOULDN'T BE SPORTING.
AND YOU WERE RIGHT. I WAS CONTROLLING THE OLD FOLKS BECAUSE THEY NEEDED A SMALLER DOSE.
AT FIRST.
BUT I'VE BEEN AT THIS FOR LONGER THAN YOU THINK I HAVE.
...
AHHH, DAMN IT, SOLDIER...

YOU KNOW WHAT?
YOU SAY YOU DON'T HAVE AN IMAGINATION. I SAY THAT'S BULL. I SAY--
--YOU JUST HAVEN'T FOUND A CHALLENGE YET.

INTERESTING.
GO ON.

YOU AND ME.
BRAIN TO BRAIN.
I'LL TAKE YOUR SWEAT, UNCUT. STRAIGHT FROM THE SOURCE.

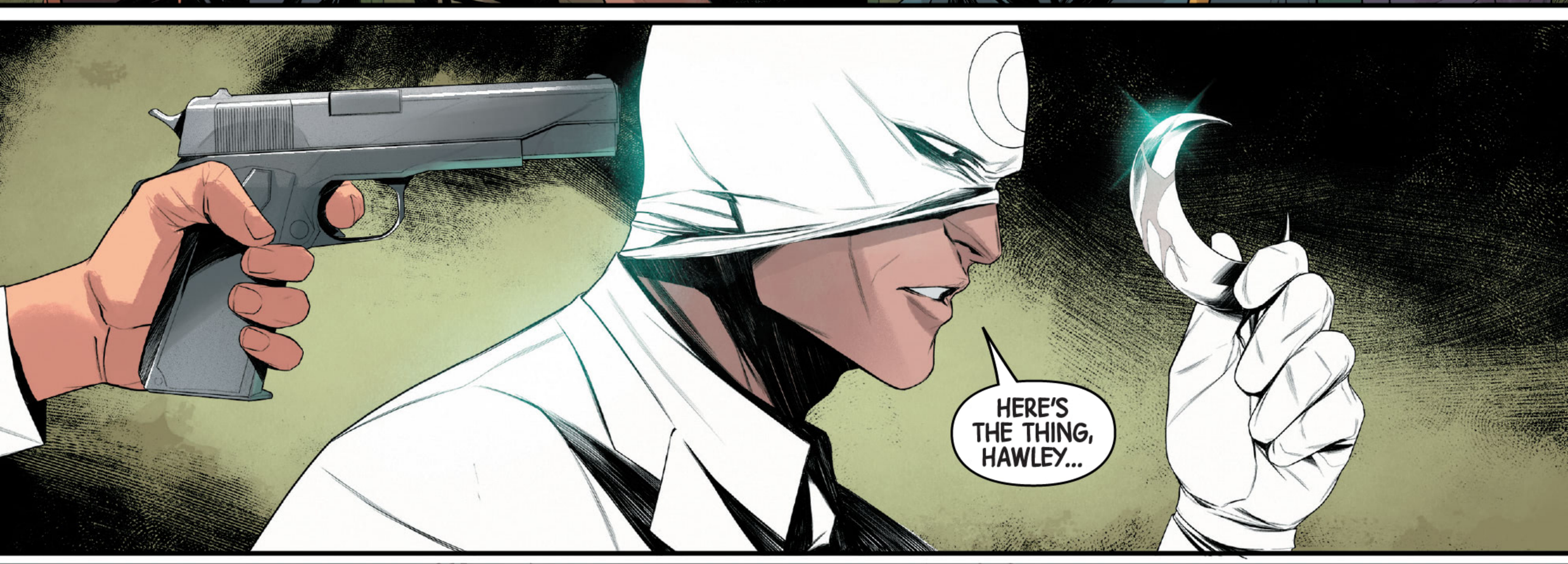
WELL, HELL.
I LIKE YOUR GUMPTION, SPORT.
I BET YOU THINK YOU GOT AN IRON WILL OR SOMETHIN', DON'T YOU? LIKE SOME KINDA CAPTAIN AMERICA.

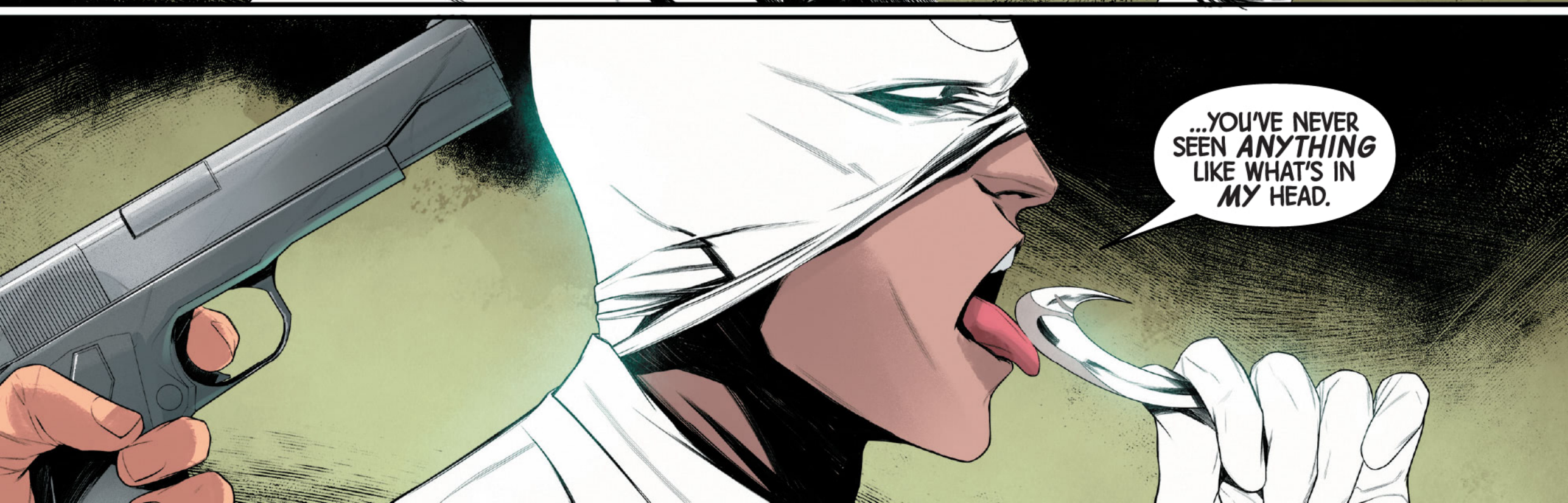
THEY SAY PRIDE GOETH BEFORE THE FALL.
I SAY: IT'S GOING TO BE REAL BAD FOR MOON KNIGHT WHEN I SEND YOU OFF TO KILL A WHOLE PILE OF PEOPLE. NO GETTING OUT OF THAT ONE.
MAYBE I'LL HAVE YOU CLEAN OUT THIS WHOLE BUILDING. THAT'D BE SOMETHING.

SURE.

IF YOU'RE STRONG ENOUGH.

GOING TO GET UP TO ALL SORTS ONCE I'M IN YOUR HEAD, MOON KNIGHT.


HERE'S THE THING, HAWLEY...


...YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE WHAT'S IN MY HEAD.

I'M NOT EVEN TALKING ABOUT MY MENTAL ILLNESS.
I'M SURE SOMETHING LIKE DISSOCIATIVE IDENTITY DISORDER IS *OLD HAT* FOR YOU. AFTER ALL, YOU'RE USED TO *SHARING SPACE* IN SOMEONE'S MIND.

LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING *NEW.*

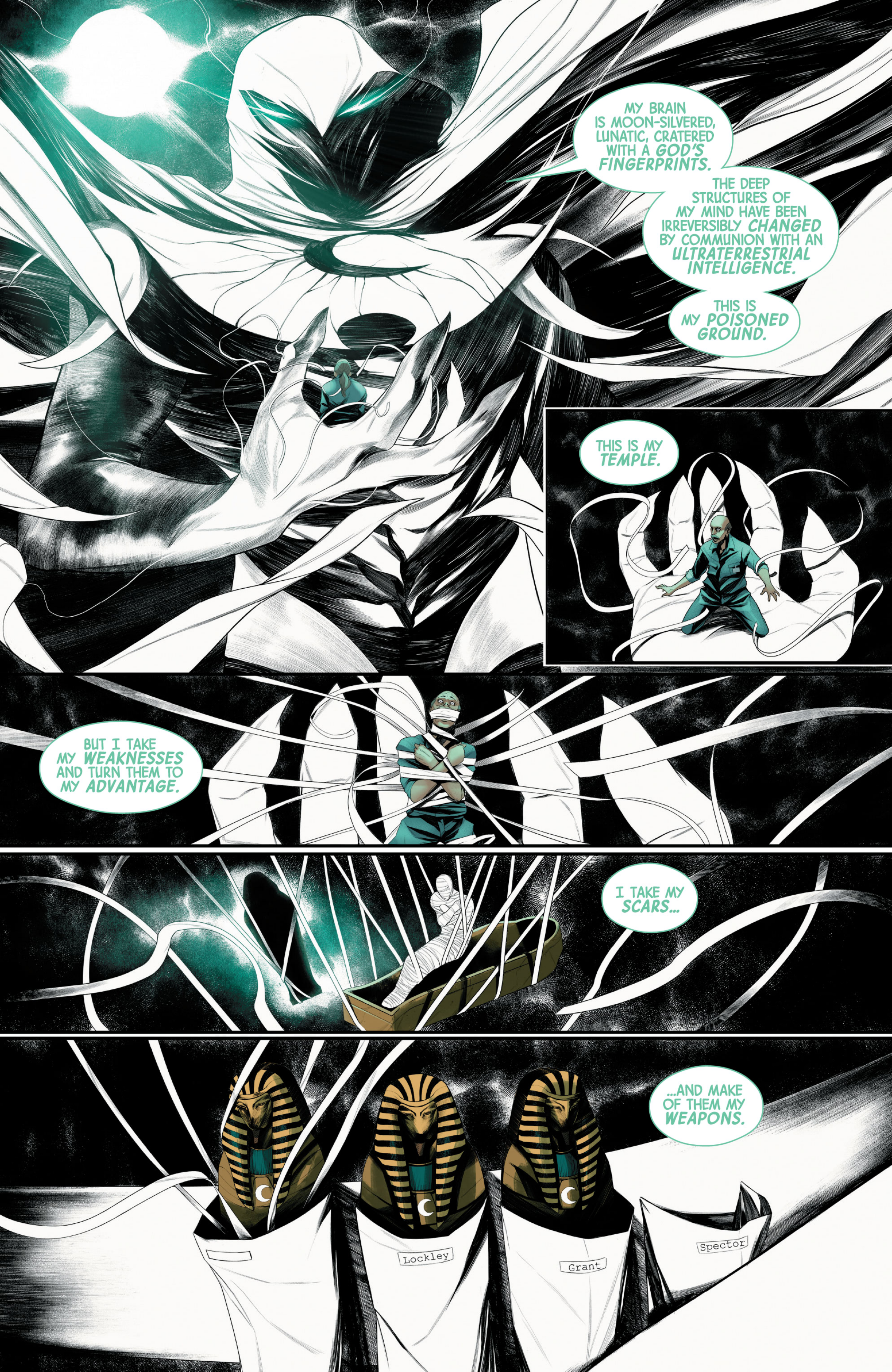
YOU, WHO HAVE TOUCHED ANY NUMBER OF MINDS...
...HOW DOES IT FEEL TO TOUCH THE *TRULY ALIEN?*

THE UNIVERSE IS COMPOSED ALMOST ENTIRELY OF DARKNESS, HAWLEY. IT'S THE *DEFAULT STATE.*
AN UNCARING, INDIFFERENT NOTHING. COLD. IMPENETRABLE.

LITTLE WONDER, THEN, WHEN EARLY MEN LOOKED UP FROM THE TERRIFYING DARKNESS OF NIGHT, BESET BY PREDATORS AND WORSE, AND SAW *LIGHT...*

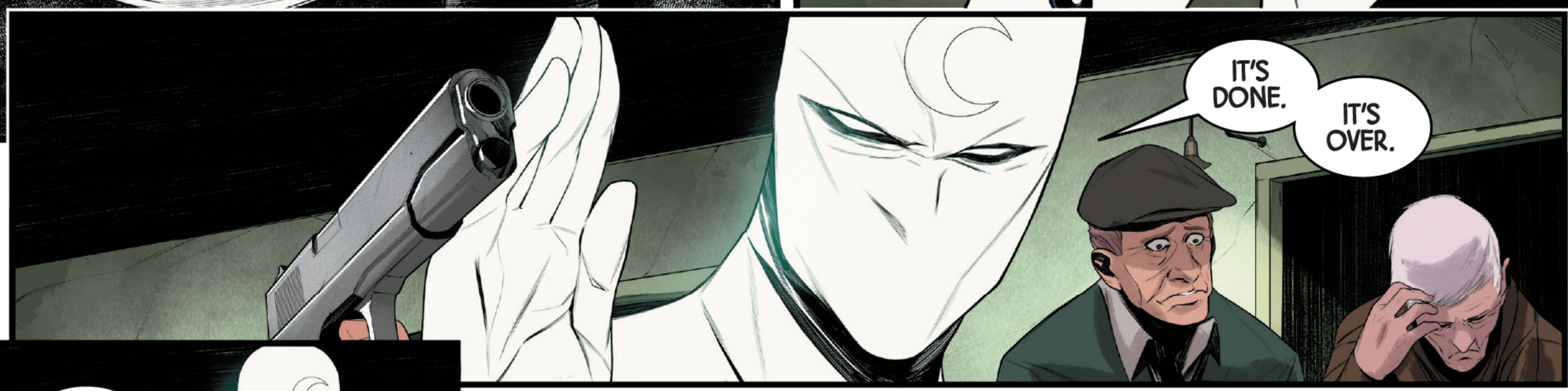
...THEY WORSHIPPED IT AS A GOD.
MINE IS THE COLD FIRE OF THE MOON.
MINE IS THE TIDAL PULL ON THE SALT-BLOOD BEATING THROUGH YOUR HEART.
MINE IS THE SILVER MADNESS THAT ILLUMINATES BUT DOES NOT WARM.

COME AND WORSHIP.


MY BRAIN IS MOON-SILVERED, LUNATIC, CRATERED WITH A GOD'S FINGERPRINTS.
THE DEEP STRUCTURES OF MY MIND HAVE BEEN IRREVERSIBLY CHANGED BY COMMUNION WITH AN ULTRATERRESTRIAL INTELLIGENCE.
THIS IS MY POISONED GROUND.
THIS IS MY TEMPLE.
BUT I TAKE MY WEAKNESSES AND TURN THEM TO MY ADVANTAGE.
I TAKE MY SCARS...
...AND MAKE OF THEM MY WEAPONS.
Lockley
Grant
Spector

SELAH.

THERE.
NICE, NICE.


IT'S DONE.
IT'S OVER.

HOW--?
WHAT DID YOU DO?

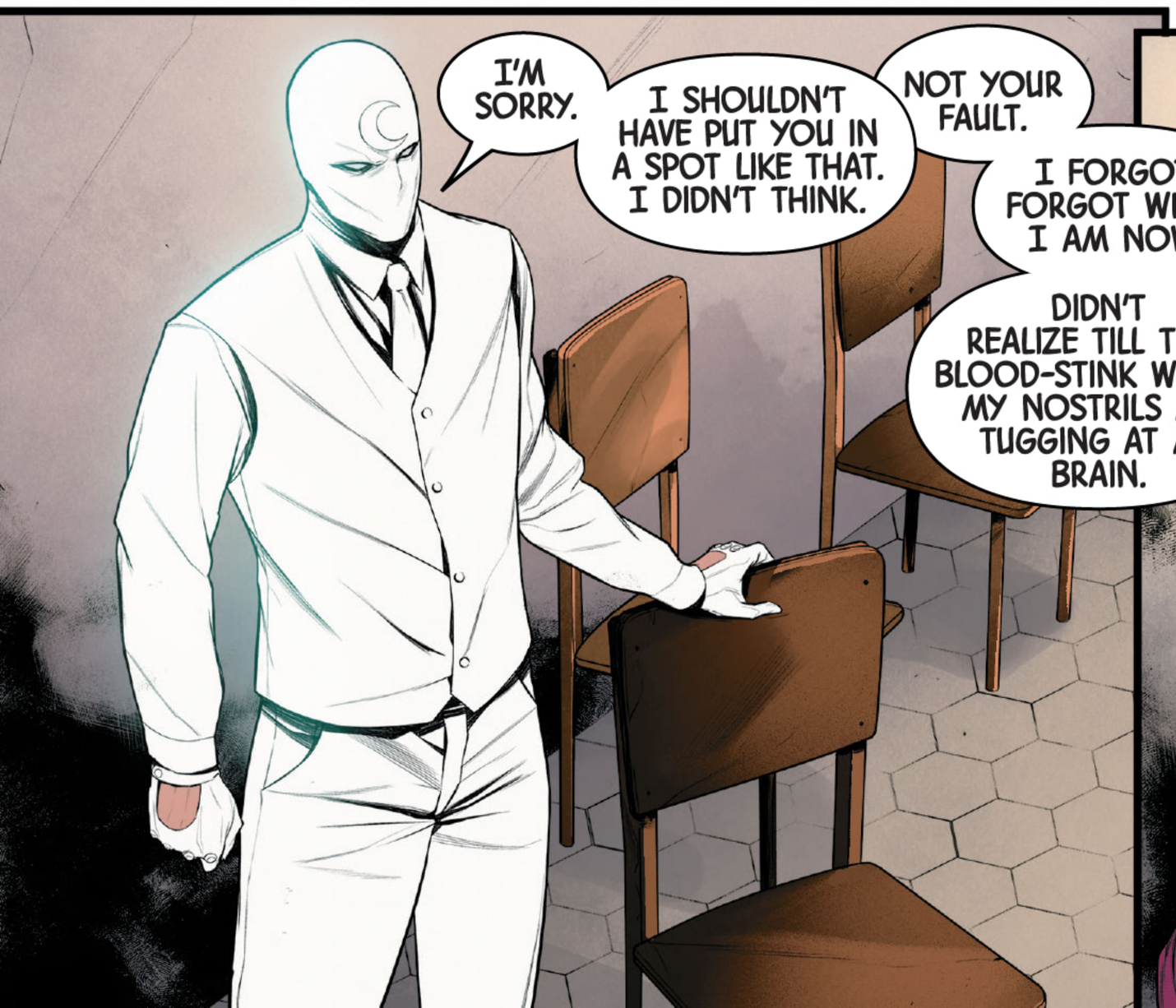
NOTHING THAT HE'LL RECOVER FROM.
moon
moon
moon

REESE. YOU'RE BACK.

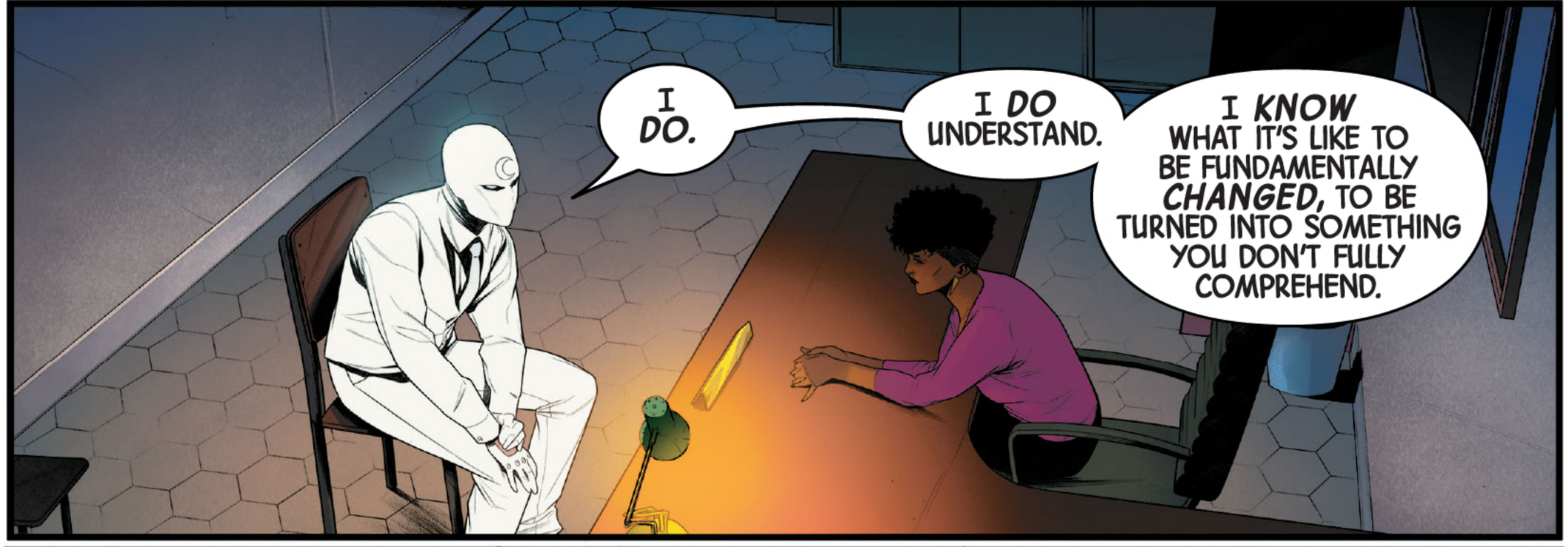
OH, HEY, MR. KNIGHT.
YEAH. I GOT TERRY HERE TO HELP ME OUT.

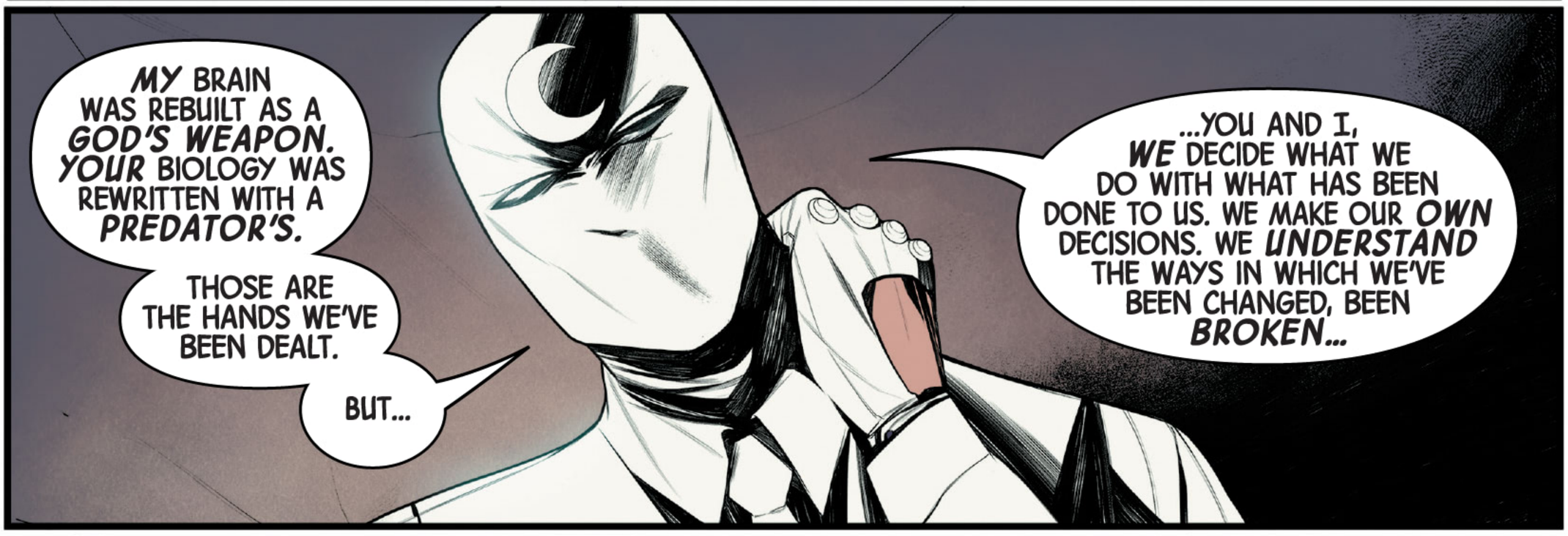
THANK YOU, TERRY.
YOU CAN GO NOW, PLEASE.

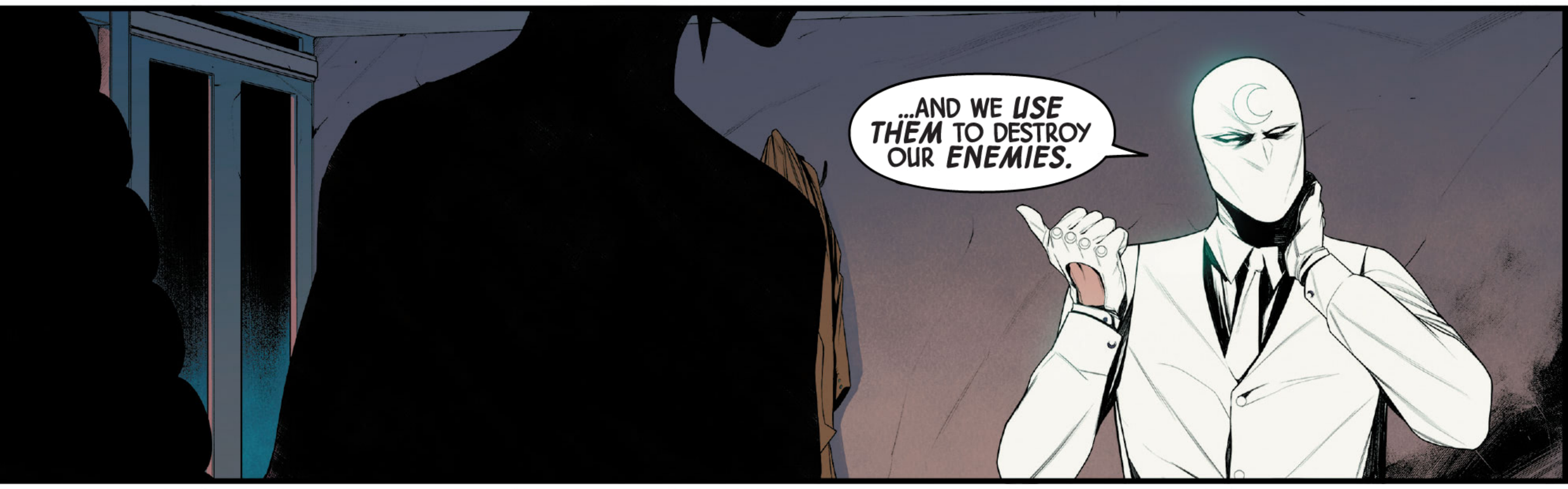
UH. OKAY.
I'LL CALL YOU, REESE?
YEAH, THANKS, TERRY.


I'M SORRY.
I SHOULDN'T HAVE PUT YOU IN A SPOT LIKE THAT. I DIDN'T THINK.
NOT YOUR FAULT.
I FORGOT. FORGOT WHAT I AM NOW.
DIDN'T REALIZE TILL THAT BLOOD-STINK WAS UP MY NOSTRILS AND TUGGING AT MY BRAIN.

DON'T EXPECT YOU TO UNDERSTAND.


I DO.
I DO UNDERSTAND.
I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE FUNDAMENTALLY CHANGED, TO BE TURNED INTO SOMETHING YOU DON'T FULLY COMPREHEND.


MY BRAIN WAS REBUILT AS A GOD'S WEAPON. YOUR BIOLOGY WAS REWRITTEN WITH A PREDATOR'S.
THOSE ARE THE HANDS WE'VE BEEN DEALT.
BUT...
...YOU AND I, WE DECIDE WHAT WE DO WITH WHAT HAS BEEN DONE TO US. WE MAKE OUR OWN DECISIONS. WE UNDERSTAND THE WAYS IN WHICH WE'VE BEEN CHANGED, BEEN BROKEN...


...AND WE USE THEM TO DESTROY OUR ENEMIES.

THANKS, MR. KNIGHT.
YOU LOST ME AT "DESTROY OUR ENEMIES," BUT I APPRECIATE THE EFFORT.

"WHAT CAN I SAY? I'VE ALWAYS BEEN BETTER AT DESTROYING THAN PRESERVING.
"BUT I'M TRYING."

NEXT:

# MOON KNIGHT